

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

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THE HISTORY

OF THE LOVELY BUT UNFORTUNATE

*Madame Lavergne,**Wife of the Governor of the fort of Longwy,
in the Department of Moselle.*

Taken from M. Du Broca's Anecdotes of the conspicuous Female Characters who suffered from the Revolution in France.

THE beautiful and accomplished Madame Lavergne had been married but a short time to M. Lavergne, Governor of Longwy, when that town surrendered to the Prussians; but in two months afterwards was retaken by the French, and the Governor arrested, and sent prisoner to Paris, without being permitted to enjoy the society of his amiable wife. Though M. Lavergne was at that time upwards of sixty, and Madame had scarcely attained a third of that age, yet the sweetness of his disposition, and the superiority of his abilities, had excited in her bosom the liveliest tenderness and esteem; and she determined not only to follow him to the capital, but to exert every faculty she possessed to obtain the preservation of his life.

"The dreadful epocha of the Revolution had already arrived, when the scaffold was daily reeking with the blood of those victims whom savage cruelty had unjustly slain, and M. Lavergne hourly expected his would augment the sanguinary stream! The horrors of a prison, and the clamps of a dungeon, soon produced the most alarming effects upon his health; yet his amiable wife considered it as a fortunate circumstance, conceiving they would not bring him to trial in so debilitated a state.

A perilous disease, she imagined, would prove a *present safeguard*, and time and exertion bring the wished for relief! Vain expectation; his name appeared on that list from which no appeal could save him, and the ill-fated sufferer was destined to attend!

"Madame Lavergne was no sooner made acquainted with this decision, than she presented herself before the Committee for general safety. With a countenance expressive of the anguish of her feelings, and her eyes streaming with apprehensive tears, she demanded that her husband's trial should be delayed until he had regained his faculties by a restoration of health; assuring them he was not in a state to confront his accusers, as disease had impaired his reason as much as his strength.

"Imagine, oh, citizens," said the agonized wife of Lavergne "such an unfortunate being as I have described, dragged before a tribunal that decides upon life and death! Whilst reason abandons him, can he understand the charges alleged against him? Or can he have power to declare his *innocence*, whose bodily sufferings are now threatening to terminate his life? Will you, oh citizens of France, call a man to trial while in a frenzy of delirium? Will you summon him who, perhaps at this moment, is expiring on the bed of pain, to hear that irrevocable sentence which admits no medium between liberty and the scaffold? And if you unite *humanity and justice* can you suffer an old man"—At these words, every eye was turned upon Madame Lavergne, whose youth and beauty, contrasted with the idea of an aged and infirm husband, gave rise to very different emotions in the breasts of the members of the Committee, from those which she had so eloquently endea-

voured to inspire; and they interrupted her speech with the most indecent jests, and the coarsest raillery. One of the members, with a scornful smile, assured her, that, young and handsome as she was, it would not be so difficult as she appeared to imagine, to find means of consolation for the loss of a husband, who in the common course of nature, had completely lived his time. Another of them, equally brutal, and still more ferocious, added, that the fervor with which she pleaded the cause of such a husband, was an unnatural excess; and therefore the Committee could not attend to her petition.

"Horror, indignation, and despair, took possession of the unfortunate Madame Lavergne's soul. She had heard the purest and most exalted affection for one of the worthiest men, condemned and villified as a degrading appetite! She had been wantonly insulted, whilst demanding justice, by the administrators of the law; and she rushed in silence from the presence of these inhuman monsters, to hide the agony that almost burst her heart.

"One ray of hope still rose to chase the gloom of deep despondency away. Dumas, one the judges of the tribunal, she had known in former times; *him*, therefore she resolved to seek, and, in spite of the antipathy his present actions had inspired, implored him to let the trial be delayed. In all the agony of increasing apprehension she threw herself at this inflexible monster's feet, used all the arguments suggested by affection, only to have the fatal hour delayed. Dumas replied coldly, that it did not belong to *him* to grant the favour she solicited; neither should he chuse to make such a request of the tribunal; and then increasing the bitterness of disappointment by the insolence of sarcasm, he inquired whether it was so great a mis-

fortune to be delivered from a troublesome husband of sixty, whose death would leave her at liberty to employ her youthful charms more useful to the state?

"Such a *reiteration of insult* roused the unfortunate wife of Lavergne to desperation. She shrieked with anguish too insupportable to bear; and rising from the posture of supplication, she extended her out-stretched arms to heaven, and, in a phrenzied voice, exclaimed, "Just God! will not the crimes of these atrocious men awake thy vengeance? Go, monster!" she cried, addressing herself to Dumas, "I no longer want thy aid; no longer will I deign to supplicate thy pity! Away to the tribunal; there will I also appear: then shall it be known whether I *deserve* the outrages thou and thy base associates have heaped upon my head!"

"From the presence of the odious Dumas, and with a fixed determination to quit a life that was now become hateful to her, Madame Lavergne repaired to the hall of tribunal, and mixing with the motley crowd, waited impatient for the hour of trial. The barbarous proceedings of the day begin, and the unfortunate Lavergne is called! The jailors convey him thither on a mattress; and a few trifling questions are proposed, to which with difficulty he replies, when the mock trial closes, and the ill-fated governor is doomed to die!

"Scarcely had the sentence passed the judge's lips, when Madame Lavergne cried, with a loud voice, "*Vive la Roi!*" In vain the surrounding multitude endeavoured to prevent the sound; for the more they tried to deaden its extension, the more vehement became her cries; and she continued exclaiming "*Vive la Roi!*" until the guard forced her away.

"So great had been the interest which the distress of this amiable young woman had excited, that she was followed to the place of confinement by a numerous throng, who anxiously endeavoured to avert the fate which awaited her, by an attempt to drown her cries.

"When the public accuser interrogated her upon the motives of her extraordinary conduct, she informed him, she was not actuated either by revenge or despair, but by the loyalty which was rooted in my heart. "*I adore,*" cried she, "the system that you have destroyed; and I expect no mercy from you, for I am your enemy. I abhor your republic, and I will persist in the confession I have publicly made as long as I live."

"To such a declaration no reply was

made; but Madame Lavergne's name was instantly added to the suspected list, and in a few minutes she was brought before the tribunal, where she again uttered her own condemnation, and was decreed to die. From that instant the agitation of her spirits subsided; serenity appeared to have re-possessed her mind, and her beautiful countenance announced the peace and comfort of her soul.

"On the day of execution, Madame Lavergne first ascended the fatal cart, and requested to be placed in a position that she might view her husband's face. That unfortunate husband had fallen into a swoon, and lay extended upon a truss of straw without the slightest appearance of life. The motion of the cart had loosened the bosom of his shirt, and exposed his breast to the scorching rays of a vertical sun, which his amiable wife perceiving, intreated the executioner to take a pin from her handkerchief, and unite his shirt. Madame Lavergne's attention was never for one moment directed from the object of her tenderness; and perceiving, by the change of his countenance, that his senses revived, in softened accents, she pronounced his name. At the sound of that voice, whose melody had so long been a stranger to his ears, Lavergne raised his languid eyes, and fixed them on the object of his love, with a look expressive of *alarm and tenderness*. "Do not be alarmed," said she; "it was your faithful wife who called. "We could not *live*, but we shall *die* together!" The agitated Lavergne burst into tears of gratitude; and his oppressed heart poured forth its soft sensations into that bosom which shared all its sorrows; and tho' the tyrants fain would have divided them, 'twas death that joined them in a *better life!*

INSCRIPTION ON A SIGN-BOARD.

BY A WATCH-MAKER AT OXFORD.

HERE are fabricated and renovated trochiliac horologies, portable and permanent, linguaculus or taciturnal; whose circumgirations are performed by internal spiral elastic or extensive pendulous plum-bages; diminutives, simple or compound, invested with aurent or argent integuments.

The following Advertisement is copied from the New-Jersey Journal.

"To be sold, on the 8th of July, 131 suits in law, the property of an eminent attorney, about to retire from business.

N.B. The clients are rich and obstinate.

De Valcour and Bertha:

OR,

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

CHAP. I.

But while he measur'd o'er life's painful race,
In Fortune's wild illimitable chace,
Adversity, companion of his way,
Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway;
Bade new distresses every moment grow,
Marking each change of scene with change of woe;
FALCONER.

THE inhabitants of the Castle di Montalpine had retired to their respective apartments, ere the ponderous bell tolled the midnight hour. Bertha counted the heavy lengthened notes, and then, with palpitating heart, stole from her chamber; first ascertaining, that her attendant, Rosa, was in profound sleep. Anxious to meet her expected husband, she descended the spiral stair-case with a light and cautious step, unfastened the postern gate, and entered the wood. Looking back over the gloomy pile she had passed, she had the satisfaction to find that every light was extinguished within the castle. The moon emerged from her obscurity with splendor, and lighted the agitated Bertha on her way to the hovel where De Valcour awaited her. "You must be almost frozen in this place," said Bertha. "I am already shivering: I have a comfortable fire in my apartment, you may safely venture." De Valcour threw his arm round her waist, and accompanied her back to the castle. As they passed the grand portal, a gleam of light shone through one of the upper casements. Bertha started. "I thought all were in repose for the night. That gallery leads to my father's apartment; what can induce any one to go thither at this hour? The bell at that moment struck one, and the light was extinguished. Bertha smiled, and endeavoured to seem gay, thereby to re-assure her lover, who would have returned to his miserable hovel, rather than expose her to the risk of detection. "We have nothing to fear," cried she, with increasing cheerfulness. "The Baroness is indisposed, and sleeps in a distant apartment: perhaps my father has been to enquire how she is. At any rate, that suite of rooms is so remote from those I occupy, that we need feel no alarm." She had scarcely spoken, when a shadow passed along the wall which both distinctly perceived; though uncertain whether it was that of man or woman. They halted in breathless trepidation. De Valcour placed his hand upon his sword; but a motion from Bertha checked his impetuosity, as she pointed to the tall trees on

on the other side of their path, where the shade slowly glided in a distant avenue, and then totally disappeared. The moon beams now fell full upon the face of Bertha: her cheek was pale with terror, her lip quivered, and her icy hand fell motionless by her side. "Bertha my love, look up," cried the agonized youth: "strive against this weakness. A moment's delay now may prove our ruin. Let me leave you in security, before I go to explore this mystery." "Leave me, Julian!" exclaimed Bertha: "Ah, could you leave me in this dreadful state of alarm? rather let us brave our fate. I shall die of terror if you abandon me now." They had by this time reached Bertha's apartment: the lamp was burning on the table: Rosa still slept soundly; and the cheerful fire blazing in the chimney, revived their sinking spirits, enabling them to discourse tranquilly of their present situation and future prospects.

"I fear, Julian, we have done very wrong," said Bertha, dejectedly, "in marrying without my father's consent. Should I never succeed in removing his cruel prejudices, not even your love will preserve me from wretchedness. Hope, and your ardent assurances, may flatter my senses, but reason chills my glowing fancy with the recollection of my disobedience."

"Call not our conduct by so harsh a name, my lovely bride," said Julian, pressing her to his heart. "Surely, in the sight of heaven, you are not disobedient. Your father encouraged and sanctioned our love. He took me an orphan into his protection: gratitude to him, and love for his beauteous daughter, were the first sensations which gave value to my existence. He beheld our affection with apparent delight."

"You have often promised to tell me your story, Julian. Suppose you amuse me with it now: it will serve to beguile us from melancholy thoughts."

"The recital will poorly repay your curiosity, Bertha: your affection for me can alone render it interesting. A slight recollection remains in my mind, of a venerable looking woman, whom I used to call mother. Our habitation was indifferently furnished; yet we enjoyed all the comforts, and sometimes the luxuries, of life. The transactions of one day, as the most important of my little history, is also the freshest in my memory. My mother had desired me to amuse myself with my toys till she returned from market, and on no account to stir from the bed on which she placed me. She had not been gone many minutes, when two strange-looking men entered: one of them caught me in his arms;

and when I endeavoured to cry out, stifled my cries, by grasping my throat brutally: the other opened every drawer and closet, uttering exclamations which I did not understand; and at length having concluded his search, covered me with his cloak, and carried me away in arms. My little frame convulsed with agony, and his threats alone made me stifle my fears. He had placed me before him on a horse, which fled with great swiftness. The unusual fatigue rendered me almost insensible. The man who carried me, often spoke to his companion in a complaining tone, which the other answered with reproaches. A fierce quarrel ensued. At length I distinguished the following words in rotation, which was the only part of their conversation I understood. 'Place the brat upon the ground, and let us settle this dispute at the sword's point. The Chevalier shall see who serves him best. 'I want not to fight,' replied the other sullenly: 'I only wish the reward to be shared equally.' While they were debating, a party of horsemen approached; the villains appeared dismayed. 'It would be useless to return,' said one of them; 'we should be overtaken: let us hide the boy; and let us give them battle.' He immediately dismounted; and placing me behind a hedge, applied a whistle to his lips, the sound of which echoed through the forest; and soon a fresh party of horsemen appeared. He then threw a parcel of papers into my lap. 'Take care of these,' said he, 'and keep yourself concealed till I come to you.' By this time a brisk firing was commenced: the sound terrified me, and I vainly tried to shield my ears from the dreadful noise. Disregarding his injunctions, I ran with all my strength from the spot where death seemed to menace me. What few papers, my little hands could grasp, I still held fast, nor stopped till exhausted with fatigue and terror, I sunk down in a public road. It was there I was found by your father, who, passing with his domestics, formed the benevolent design of protecting me, in compassion for my wretched helpless state." "But the papers," said Bertha: "what did they contain?" "They were letters without any signature. Here they are." Bertha took them, and in the first read these words:

"Good Maud, be careful of our dear Julian. Every supply necessary for your pleasures and comfort shall be punctually remitted: he must as yet remain with you; but be cautious, as usual; for should he be discovered, his life will be the forfeit." This will be delivered by a trusty messenger, by

whom you may send word if you have any wants or wishes ungratified."

The second ran thus:

"Fernando, you must set out directly. I cannot join the party to-night: but I can depend on your punctuality. Leon may attend you. Tell Maud to resign her charge immediately into your hands; but be careful not to delay an unnecessary moment. Should she refuse, force must settle the business."

"This mystery is impenetrable," said Bertha, "and conjecture is bewildered." "It is indeed," replied Julian; "for it seems by the contents of those letters, that my very life depends on secrecy; and to the Baron only have I revealed the events I have just related. His kindness has hitherto prevented my feeling the want of parental love. But now, Bertha, how changed are my prospects! Fatal to us was the hour in which he first beheld the beauteous, the haughty Valeria: she first taught him to treat my humble suit with disdain: for though the Baron, strictly honourable, has never acquainted her with my real story, my being poor and obscure are sufficient crimes in her eyes. Our love was then forbidden. Caprice, not justice, dictated the mandate, which turned me a friendless wanderer from the hitherto hospitable Castle di Montalpine. Disdaining this unmerited ignominy, we dared to ratify our vows of love, by holy though secret union; and surely, my Bertha, no sin attends on the transgression. Cruel necessity alone compelled us to do it; and though awhile we part, heaven will prosper virtuous affection, and crown our re-union with peace and honour."

Bertha shook her head prophetically: a tear stole down her cheek. "A heavy apprehension at my heart," said she, "tells me, that day is far distant. Your profession is full of danger; you may fall: or should my father not live to retract his fatal prohibition—oh, Julian, a thousand dreadful suggestions fill my fancy. Forgive my fears, and do not doubt my affection: but, indeed, I am very wretched." She leaned her head on his shoulder, and wept bitterly. De Valcour would have consoled her; but a deep groan caught his attention; and Bertha, too, started at the sound. "Heaven protect us," she exclaimed; "what was that?" "Nothing but the wind," said Julian, forcing a smile. "Your nerves are weak, and you yield yourself a prey to superstition. Come, come, rally; you would make a coward of a soldier. See how the clouds gather; we shall have a tempest: believe me, it was only

thee." "Well, then," said Bertha, "you had better return to the abbey. I will awaken Rosa; her prattle will divert me. Go, go. He plainly perceived that she was fearful of his being discovered in the castle; and, to quiet her, departed.

(To be continued.)

AN ACCOUNT OF THE WONDERFUL LAKE OF CIRKNITZ.

IN Carnolia, which is a duchy of Germany, in the circle of Austria, is the celebrated Lake of Cirknitz, which takes its name from the neighbouring market town. It is one German mile in length from north to south, half a German mile in breadth, and from one to two, three, and four fathoms deep; but some of the pits are much deeper.

In this Lake are three beautiful islands covered with trees: these islands are called Vornec, Velh Goriza, and Mala Goriza. A peninsula also runs into it, and is separated from the island of Vornec by a canal. There are many holes or pits in the lake, with long ditches like canals: and it receives the waters of eight brooks.

It is a common saying, that in this lake a person may sow and reap, hunt and fish, within the space of a year; but this is the least remarkable circumstance in it, and no more than what may be said of almost any other spot that is overflowed in winter or spring. The most wonderful circumstance is its ebbing and flowing. The former always happens in a long drought, when it runs off through eighteen holes at the bottom, which form so many eddies or whirlpools. Baron Valvasor mentions a singular way of fishing in one of these holes, called Ribescajama: he says, that when the water is entirely run off into its subterraneous reservoirs, the peasants venture with lights into that cavity, which is in a hard rock, three or four fathoms under the ground, to a solid bottom; whence the water running through small holes, as through a sieve, the fish are left behind, caught as it were, in a net provided by nature.

At the first appearance of its ebbing, a bell is rung at Cirknitz, upon which all the peasants in the neighbouring villages prepare, with the utmost diligence, for fishing; for the greatest part of the fish generally go off at the beginning of the ebb, and seldom stay till the water is considerably decreased. Above a hundred peasants never fail to exert themselves on this occasion, and both men and women run promiscuously into the lake, stripped quite naked, altho' both the magistrates and the clergy have used their utmost endeavours to suppress this improper custom, particularly on account of the young lay brothers

of a neighbouring convent who have the privilege of fishing there; and, notwithstanding the prohibitions of the fathers, leave the convent in order to see this uncommon scene. The peasants, however, are not observed to be guilty of more indecency at these times than at others, when they are clothed. At these ebbings, an incredible number of pike, trout, tench, eels, carp, perch, &c. are caught in the lake, and what are not consumed, or disposed of while fresh, are dried by the fire.

Though every part of the lake is left dry, two or three pools excepted, yet Mr. Keysler says, immediately on the return of the water, it abounds with fish as much as it did before; and the fish that return with the water are of a very large size, particularly pikes weighing fifty or sixty pounds. It is also remarkable, that when it begins to rain hard, three of the cavities spout up water to the height of two or three fathoms; and if the rain continues, and is accompanied with violent thunder, the water bubbles out of all the holes, thro' which it had been absorbed, two of them excepted; and the whole lake is again filled with water in 24, and often in 18 hours. Sometimes, not only fish, but live ducks with grass and fish in their stomachs, have emerged out of these cavities. The abbe Fortis has described a lake, possessing the like remarkable quality, in Dalmatia.

In a rock on one side of this lake, but considerably higher than its surface, are two caverns, at some distance from each other; and, when it thunders, the water gushes out of both, with great noise and impetuosity. If this happens in autumn, they also eject a great many ducks which are blind, very fat, and of a black colour; and, though they are, at first, almost bare of feathers, in a fortnight's time, or, at furthest, before the end of October, they are entirely fledged, recover their sight and fly away. Each of these caverns is 6 feet high and as many broad; when the water gushes out of them, it is in large columns of the same dimensions, and in a continual stream. There is a passage in each of these caverns, where a man may walk upright a considerable way; but it is said, that no person has ever yet ventured into them, to search into the nature of the inner caves and reservoir to which these apertures lead; for there is no certainty but that, in an instant he may be surprised by the water rushing upon him, with the force and rapidity of a fire-engine. Something very similar to this is likewise related by the Abbe Fortis, in his account of Dalmatia.

When the lake ebbs early in the year, within twenty days time grass grows upon it, which is mowed down, and the bottom

afterwards sowed with millet; but if the water does not run off early, nothing can be sown; and if it soon returns, as it sometimes does, the seed is lost: otherwise, after the millet harvest, all manner of game is hunted and shot in it.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE GARDEN.

A Translation from the Persian of NISAMI.

AN Indian Philosopher, who travelled like a sage (that is, on foot), to study Nature, chanced one day to enter a garden. He reposed with delight in this place, which belonged to a magnificent palace, and trode with transport the precious tapestry with which the ground was adorned. There the tender button of the opening rose began to expand itself, imitating in its numerous folds the brilliant knot of a rich purple cestus. There the tulip unfolded, with pride, all the pomp of its colours, ignorant of the short duration of its frail existence. Every where the ground was enamelled with flowers, the concaves of which glistening with dew presented so many cups full of precious liquid. The sweetbriar seemed to have turned its thorns against itself; and, from the trembling of its foliage, one might think the willow feared for its life.—The narcissus, reclining its head, dropped crystal tears; and the tulip, placed beneath the rose, received in its beauteous chalice the precious rubies which distilled from the perfumed bosom of the super-incumbent tree. But, alas! the duration of the one is but an instant, and the other is old before the end of the day.

Happy flowers! The period of their existence is determined by the setting sun, and they bloom, without anxiety for the moment that is to succeed. The philosopher, having retired with regret from this delicious place, had occasion to return a few months after. Alas! how changed! Instead of the rose—instead of the nightingale, which lately joined to embellish this happy spot, the ear was struck with the piercing cries of the kite, and mournful croaking of the frog.—The smiling verdure of the shrubbery was changed into grayish gloom, and the once charming clusters of roses presented nothing but masses of pointed thorns. He cast a look of regret on the place which had so lately enchanted him, and was unable to refrain from tears as he meditated upon the short duration of existence.

"We have only a few instants to live!" exclaimed he:—"let us, then, endeavour to take advantage of them all to insure happiness; to effect which, there is only one mode,—by consecrating them to VIRTUE!"

THE BIRTH OF SENSIBILITY.

ONE beautiful serene summer evening, after rambling in a grove of laurels till the lamp of night arose and gilded the objects around me, I seated myself on the bank of a winding river. A weeping-willow spread over me its branches, which, drooping, swept the stream. An antique tower, partly in ruins, mantled in ivy, and surrounded with yew and cypress, was the only building to be seen.

I had been reading a melancholy tale, which, in strong colours, impressed itself on my memory, and led me to reflect on the strange pleasure we sometimes feel in perusing the most tragical story. "What," said I, "can occasion it? Can the human heart delight in the misfortunes of another? Forbid it, Heaven!" My eyes were fixed on the surface of the water: the soft beams of Luna sported on the waves; all Nature seemed hushed to repose; when a gentle slumber stole over my senses, and methought a being, of an angelic form, seated herself beside me. A mantle, of the palest sapphire, hung over her shoulders to the ground; auburn hair fell in waving curls on her fine neck; and a white veil, almost transparent, shaded her face: as she lifted it up, she sighed, and continued for some moments silent. Never did I behold a countenance so delicate; and notwithstanding a smile played upon her coral lips, her lovely blue eyes were surcharged with tears, and resembled violets dropping with dew. Beneath her veil she wore a wreath of jessamine and mingled amaranths.

"Wonder not," said she in accents soft as the breath of Zephyr, "that a state of woe can please. I am called Sensibility, and have been from infancy your constant companion. My sire was Humanity, and my mother Sympathy. I (the offspring of their loves) was born in a cavern, overshadowed by myrtles and orange trees, at the foot of Parnassus, and consigned to the care of Melpomene, who fed me with honey from Hybla, and lulled me to rest with plaintive songs and melancholy music. On one side of the cavern ran a stream from Helicon, and in the trees around it the doves and nightingales built their nests. I make it my sole care to augment the felicity of some favoured mortals, who, nevertheless, repine at my influence, and would gladly be under the dominion of Apathy. Alas! how inconsiderate! If the rose has thorns, has it not a vermeil tincture and ambrosial sweetness? If the woodbine droops, laden with the dew-drops of the morning, when the sun has exhaled them, will it not be refreshed, and breathe richer fragrance? So

if a heart be touched with a story of distress, it will at the same time experience delightful sensations. If the tears often flow, say, can you call it weakness? Can you wish to be divested of this genuine test of tenderness, and desire the departure of Sensibility?"

"Ah! no, fair nymph!—still deign to be my attendant: teach me to sigh with the wretched, and with the happy to rejoice. I am now sensible that the pleasure which arises from the legends of Sorrow, owes its origin to the certain knowledge that our heart are not callous to the finer feelings; but that we have some generous joys, and generous cares, beyond ourselves!"

Scarcely had I pronounced these words when the loud tolling of the village bell, broke the fetters in which Morpheus had bound me, and dispelled the airy illusion.

POGGIO BRACCIOLINI.

IN one of the works of this author is related a story which has been omitted in his life lately published. Poggio himself thus related it. It is necessary to premise, that the subject of the section in which he has introduced it, is the folly of pursuits, the expence of which is greater than the pleasure produced is worth.

"A physician of Milan, who understood the cure of madmen, had a pit of water in his house, in which he kept his patients, some up to their knees, some up to their girdle, and some to their chin, according to the greater or less degree of madness with which they were affected.—One of the madmen, who was upon the point of his recovery, happening to be standing at the house door, saw a young noble pass with his hawk upon his fist, well mounted, and with his usual equipage of hunting, spaniels, huntsmen, &c. behind him. The madman demanded to what use was all this preparation, and was courteously answered, to kill certain birds. And how much, said the madman, may be the worth of the fowls which you kill in a year. The gentlemen replied, five or ten crowns. And what, said the madman, may your hawks, spaniels, horses, &c. stand you in within the year. About five thousand crowns.—Five thousand crowns, replied the madman, and gazing at him a moment with the wild earnestness of an approaching phrenzy, he seized him by the shoulder, and forcing him to the pit, immersed him several times in the water, (the usual practice of his master with his more desperate patients.) Having thus ducked

him he led him back to the door—hark ye my friend, said he, dismissing him, take my advice, and make all possible haste from this house—for should the doctor come home he'll drown you but what he'll cure you.

This anecdote, says Poggio, may appear to be invented to enforce my present subject, but I received it from the most satisfactory authority, and there is in it such a mixture of that wildness, and instinctive energy of intellect, so peculiar to madmen in a state of recovery, that I fully believe it to have happened as related.

ON POSITIVENESS OF OPINION.

IT was the observation of a very virtuous and elegant writer, that no one should be provoked at opinions different from his own. Some persons are so confident they are in the right, that they will not come within the hearing of any notions but their own. They canton out to themselves a little province in the intellectual world where they fancy the light shines, and all the rest is in darkness. They never venture into the ocean of knowledge, nor survey the riches of other minds, which are as solid and as useful, and, perhaps, are finer gold than what they ever possessed. Let no man imagine there is no certain truth but in the sciences which he studies, and among that party in which he was born and educated.

FINLAND PROVERBS.

THE good man spareth from his peck; but the wicked will not give from a bushel.

The wise man knoweth what he shall do; but fools try every thing.

There is no deliverance through tears; neither are evils remedied by sorrow.

He who hath tried, goeth immediately to the work; but he who hath no experience standeth to consider.

The wise man gathereth wisdom every where; he profiteth by the discourse of fools.

A man's own land is his chiefest delight; the wood is most pleasant that is his.

The stranger is our brother; he who comes from afar off is our kinsman.

When the morn breaketh I know the day which followeth; a good man discovereth himself by his looks.

The work is ended which is begun; there is time lost to say, What shall I do?

The tool of the industrious man is sharp; but the plowshare of the fool wanteth grinding.

[From "The Domestic Encyclopædia."]

Useful information respecting RATS, including various Methods of driving them from Houses, or destroying them.

(CONCLUDED.)

Lastly, as most of the methods before suggested are either troublesome and precarious, or only partial means of exterminating the object of our research, we shall conclude with a more general and summary process of entrapping rats, so as to deliver not only our own habitations but those of our neighbours from the excursions of such mischievous quadrupeds. For the discovery of the following complete remedy, we are indebted to G. W. Miller, an ingenious apothecary of Wernigerode, in Germany: he candidly acknowledges to have derived the first hint for such purpose many years since, from a book written by a celebrated economist; in short, it will be found the most expeditious and effectual mode that can be pursued.—A capacious cask of moderate height must previously be procured, and put into the vicinity of places infested with rats. During the first week, this vessel is employed only to allure the rats to visit the top of the cask, by means of boards or planks arranged in a sloping direction to the floor, which are every day strewed with oatmeal, or any other food equally grateful to their palate; and the principal part of which is exposed on the surface. After having thus been lulled into security, and accustomed to find a regular supply for their meals, a skin of parchment is substituted for the wooden top of the cask, and the former is cut, for several inches, with transverse incisions through the centre, so as to yield on the smallest pressure. At the same time, a few gallons of water, to the depth of five or six inches, are poured into the empty cask. In the middle of this element a brick or stone is placed, so as to project one or two inches above the fluid; and that one rat may find on the former a place of refuge. These preparatory measures being taken, the boards, as well as the top of the cask, should now be furnished with proper bait, in order to induce them to repeat their visits. No sooner does one of these marauders plunge through the section of the parchment into the vessel, than it retreats to the brick or stone, and commences its lamentations for relief. Nor are its whining notes in vain: others soon follow, and share the same fate; when a dreadful conflict begins among them, to decide the possession of the dry asylum. Battles follow in

rapid succession, attended with such loud and noisy shrieks, that all the rats in the neighbourhood hasten to the fatal spot, where they experience similar disasters. Thus hundreds may be caught by a stratagem, which might be facilitated by exposing a living rat taken in a trap, or purchased by a professional rat-catcher.—Nay, if it be true, that a whole inhabited island on the western coast of Scotland be infested with these destructive vermin, we are of opinion that they could thus be easily exterminated; and that the carcasses of such animals as have hitherto been considered as useless, might be advantageously employed for the purpose of manuring the barren soil of those inhospitable regions.

The very interesting work, from which the preceding extract is made, is now republishing in this City, by Birch & Small, south Second-street: It will be comprised in 5 volumes octavo, handsomely printed; three of which are already published. It is, we believe, one of the best works of the kind extant; and contains a great fund of accurate and well-digested information on domestic and economical subjects.

USEFUL RECIPES.

Recipe to Mend China and Earthen Ware.

Take any quantity of white of eggs, and beat them well to a froth. Add to this soft curd cheese and quick-lime, and begin beating anew all together. This may be used in mending whatever you will, even glasses, and will stand both fire and water.

A Remedy against Ink when just spilled.

IF the ink be spilled on a ruffle, apron, &c. while you have it on, let one hold the affected part between his two hands over a basin, and rub it while another is gradually pouring water from a decanter; and let an entire pitcher full be used, if necessary. If the ruffle, apron, &c. be at liberty, and not actually then in wearing, the place dipped into a basin filled with water, and there squeezed and dipped in again, may do, provided you change the water in abundance every two or three squeezes.

If the ink be spilled on a green carpet table, it may immediately be taken out with a teaspoon so dexterously, that any water at all shall hardly be wanted afterwards, provided it was only that instant spilled, as the down of the cloth prevents the immediate soaking of the ink, or any other liquor (except oil); but if it has lain

some time, provided it is still wet, by pouring a little fresh clean water at a time on the place, and gathering it up each time with a spoon, and pressing hard to squeeze it out of the cloth into the spoon again, you will at last bring it to its natural colour, as if no such accident had happened.

ON PEACE OF MIND.

IS there any thing to be obtained from the world, that is more important than peace of mind? If there is, let it be named. My inscience is here confessed. Yet have I been an aspirer after fame—have enjoyed it too. I have been loved, and have possessed both wealth and friends. The one has loaded me with cares; the other, with anxiety: yet I wish to enjoy as much of them as I can, temperately: but there is so much to be sacrificed to the frivolous manners of the day, such form to be observed, and so many extraneous circumstances (some ridiculous, others immoral) to be attended to, that, frequently, in my own despatch, I am forced to incarcerate myself, and never walk abroad but from necessity.

Here is the fruitful cause of infelicity: we act according to the phases of opinion; a guide that shines not from its own stores: it is an opaque focus for the rays of absurdity, and thence they are reflected. Arian hath preserved no sentence that redounds more to the credit of his instructor than this: "When, upon mature deliberation, you are persuaded a thing is fit to done, do it boldly, and do not affect privacy in it; nor concern yourself at all what impertinent censures, or reflections the world will pass upon it: for if the thing be not just, and innocent, it ought not to be attempted at all, though never so secretly; and if it be, you do very foolishly to stand in fear of those who will themselves do ill in censuring and condemning what you do well."

ON JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.

WE know almost every thing rather by its accidental than its essential qualities, and therefore are so often deceived by appearances and so often encourage appearances to deceive us. The keen man at play sinks his winnings, and magnifies his losings, and practises twenty other little artifices, which, though not essential to his character as a keen man at play, are yet the only marks by which that character is generally known; the shrewd jockey is continually making

mysteries when there is nothing to conceal ; the politician looks important upon the most trivial occasions ; and almost every man expresses his particular trade and profession by some insignificant peculiarity in his dress, manner, and dialect: even the man of sense and knowledge will probably talk in terms of art, and join with his sense and knowledge some kind of cant or pedantry. Now, if we were to suppose some strange man to rise up who should fully possess any excellence, without its common, but useless, appurtenances, by how many, think you, and how soon, would he be found out? It is so long since Truth went naked, that she is now known only by her clothes.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

The following, from Poulson's Paper, is offered to your Scientific Correspondents, for decision.

I. F. Asserts, that supposing the Mariner's Compass entirely free from variation, the Needle uniformly coinciding with the plane of the Meridian; a ship steered either due East or due West by such a compass, could not possibly sail on a parallel of latitude, but on a curve; which, if continued, would at length coincide with the Equator.

G. B. denies the above assertion, and maintains that a vessel so steered, by such a compass, would actually describe a parallel of latitude.

PHILADELPHIA,

DECEMBER 3, 1803.

NUMBER of Interments in the Burial Grounds of the City and Liberties of PHILADELPHIA, from the 19th to the 25th November, inclusive, viz.—Adults 16, Children, 10—Total 26.

ELIZABETH TOWN, NOV. 22.

MELANCHOLY EVENT.

MR. WILLIAM BAKER, formerly of this town, but latterly of Morris county, tho' both deaf and dumb had acquired a considerable degree of proficiency at shoemaking—he was missing from his work about four weeks since, and not having returned at a seasonable hour, the family feeling alarmed for his safety, collected the neighbours together, who made search for him, but without success—no right conjecture could be formed as to his destiny—he was, however, discovered by a lad last week, in a swamp, about two miles from Morris Plains, sitting in an easy position, with his throat cut from ear to ear—it is supposed by those who have examined him,

that he must have been in this situation some considerable time, as the vermin had picked out his eyes, and taken off a considerable portion of his flesh.

BENEVOLENCE.

On Thursday last, arrived in this City, and was shipped to New-York, for the use of the sufferers by the late epidemic in that city, cash and country produce to the value of a Thousand Dollars, sent by the society of Believers (Shakers) of New Lebanon and Hancock. This deed of charity, added to the other acts of a similar nature, which distinguish this singular and meritorious sect, speak to the heart in a language to which common eulogium is useless. Of this society, we believe, for industry, sobriety, honesty and benevolence, we may truly say, "we have not found so great faith, no not in Israel."

[Hudson Bee.]

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Janeway, Mr. Samuel E. Ash, of Charleston, South Carolina, to Miss Emma Gano, of this city.

—, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stanton, Mr. Edward M'Dermott, merchant, to Miss Maria Bryne, daughter of Mr. Redmond Byrne, of this city.

On the marriage of Mr. Thomas Ridgway to Miss Mary Joy.

HAPPIEST of mortals can thy bliss e'er cloy,
When in possession of the charmer, Joy;
Doubtless thy cup of bliss was full before,
But adding to it, Joy, must now run o'er.

R. L.

Philadelphia, Nov. 13th.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 18th ult. in Chester County (Penn.) John Townsend, aged 87 years. He had 10 Children, 58 Grand Children, and 33 Great Grand Children—Total 101. During his long and useful life, it was his constant study to perform the duties of a man and a Christian; to assist a fellow being in distress, and relieve the embarrassments of the unfortunate, were his peculiar characteristics. He led an industrious peaceable life, endured his last illness with uncommon fortitude and resignation, and bade adieu to this probationary state of existence without a struggle or a groan.

—Sure the last end.

Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground
Nor weary worn out winds expire so soft.

From some unavoidable circumstances we shall be under the necessity of postponing the *Song set to Music*, intended to accompany this number, until the publication of the Index to the present volume, after the close of the year.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

The following beautiful Poem is the production of a Mr. Pinnell, and made its appearance for (I believe) the first time in the Poetical Calendar, about half a century ago. Early in life, I transcribed it for a much-esteemed female friend, who was so pleased with the sentiments and versification, that she lent it to several of her intelligent acquaintances, many of whom thought it so valuable as to take and preserve copies of it. Under the impression, therefore, that it will be acceptable to many of your readers, as well the lovers of good poetry, as of true piety, I send it to you, with a request that it may be honoured with a place in your entertaining and instructing paper.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

TRUST IN GOD.

A POEM.

BY PETER PINNELL, M. A.

Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me—?

—Put thy trust in God..... Ps. xlii. 6, 7.

WHY droops the head? why languishes the eye?
What mean the flowing tear and frequent sigh?
Where are the lenient medicines to impart
Their balmy virtue to a bleeding heart?
Fruitless are all attempts for kind relief
To mix her cordial, and allay my grief:
So strong my anguish, so severe my pain,
Weak is philosophy, and reason vain:
Such rules, like fuel, make my passion glow,
Quicken each pang and point the sting of woe;
Imagination labours but in vain,
While dark'ning clouds intoxicate the brain:
Fancy no sweet ideas can suggest
To lull the raging tumult in my breast:
In vain or mirth invites, or friendship calls;
Wit dies a jest and conversation palls:
Nature and art supply fresh springs of care
And each obtruding thought creates despair:
No scenes amuse me that amus'd before,
And what delighted once delights no more:
Though all creation beautiful appears,
And nature's aspect a rich verdure wears;
Yet still her bloom with sick'ning eyes I see,
And all her luxury is lost on me:
The budding plants of variegated hue
The blossoms op'ning with the morning dew;
The vernal breeze that gently fans the bowers,
The laughing meadows and enlivening shows;
Th' enamell'd garden, where the works of art
Give strength to nature, and fresh charms impart:
Where gaudy pinks and blushing roses bloom,
Rich in array and pregnant with perfume;
Where Flora, smiling, sees her offspring vie
To spread their beauties and regale the eye;

All, all in vain with charms united glow
To deck the scene or gild the face of woe:
So when the morning Lark ascending sings,
While Joy attunes his voice, and mounts his wings;
Though to his cheerful notes the hills reply,
And warbling music gladdens all the sky,
Still in his strains no pleasing charms I find,
No sweet enchantment to compose my mind.
In vain the Sun his gaudy pride displays,
No genial warmth attends his brightest rays,
And when his absent light the Moon supplies,
Or planets glitter to enrich the skies,
No gleam of comfort from their lustre flows,
No harbinger of peace, or calm repose;
But gloomy vapours o'er the night prevail,
And penitence is spread in every gale.
Thus weaken'd by a gradual decay
Life's bitter cup I drink without alloy,
Nor taste the blessings of one cheerful day.
Come then, kind Death, thy sharpest steel prepare,
Here point the dart and snatch me from despair!
But stop, O Man, thy plaintive strains suppress,
With Christian patience learn to acquiesce!
Th' instructive voice of Reason calmly hear
And let Religion check the flowing tear:
Whate'er the will of Providence assigns,
'Tis Infidelity alone repines;
But those who trust in God disdain to grieve,
And what Our Father sends with joy receive;
Whose sharp corrections testify his love,
And certain Blessings in the end will prove:
Who sees how Man would err without controul,
Afflicts the body to improve the soul,
And by chastising part preserves the whole.
Hence, though dark lowering clouds and angry gales,
Conspire to raise the storm and rend the sails;
Yet if calm Reason at the helm preside,
My little bark will stem both wind and tide;
And adverse currents shall at last convey,
The shatter'd vessel to the realms of day!
Thus taught by Faith, how rash it is and vain
For Man, mere dust and ashes, to complain
My Soul with sad inquietude oppress,
Directs her flight to Heav'n in search of rest;
And refuge takes (which "Peace at last will bring.")
Beneath the shadow of th' Almighty's wing;
On Him I fix my mind and place my trust,
A Being infinitely wise and just!
And should his Providence new beams create
To brighten the complexion of my fate,
A cheerful tribute to his Throne I'll raise
And stamp my song with gratitude and praise:
But should indulgence suit not his designs,
Who evil into happiness refines;
Let due submission make my burden light,
And may I think... *Whatever is, is right*;
Then "be not thou disquieted, my Soul,"
Have lively Faith, and "Faith will make thee whole;"
When Heav'n inflict, with calmness bear the stroke,
Since to repine is only to provoke;
Learn to adore the justice of thy God,
And kiss the sacred Hand that holds the rod;
That sacred Hand which first the heart explores,
Probes ev'ry wound and searches all the sores;
Then the right medicine properly applies

To cleanse the part where all th' infection lies:
Hear this, thou coward Man, nor dread the smart
Which, tho' it stings, will purify the heart:
For Resignation will promote the cure,
And tho' the means are sharp, the end is sure.
Since then afflictions, are thro' mercy sent
To be of good the happy instrument;
Since for the noblest ends they are design'd,
To form the judgment, to improve the mind,
To curb our passions, to direct our love,
To awe mankind, and speak a God above;
Oh may I view them with Religion's eye,
Nor lose the guard of virtue till I die!
Hence shall I taste the sweets that evils bring,
And suck the honey while I feel the sting;
Hence shall I learn the bitter cup to bless,
And drink it as a draught of happiness,
A wholesome potion, which tho' mixt with gall,
May still preserve my life, my soul, my all!
Thus fix my heart, 'tho' fruit should fail the vine,
The fig-tree sicken and its bloom decline;
The labour of the olive be in vain,
And flocks infected perish on the plain;
Tho' corn and oil and wine decrease,
The fields grow barren, and the harvests cease;
Tho' baffled binds their fruitless toil deplore,
And vales, uncheerful, laugh and sing no more:
Yet still with gladness would I serve the Lord,
Adore his Wisdom and obey his Word—
Hear then, O God! regard a suppliant's pray'r.
Soothe all my pangs and save me from despair;
Illuminate my soul with gladsome rays,
And tune my voice to thy eternal praise;
Dispel the clouds of darkness from my eyes,
And make me know that to be good is wise:
Let Christian precepts all my soul employ,
And be not more my duty than my joy;
Let Conscience, void of art, and free from guile,
Still in my bosom innocently smile;
Her cheerful beams will gild the gloom of fate,
And make me happy in whatever state.
Hence shall I learn my talent to improve
If poor, by *patience*,—and if rich, by *love*;
If fortune smiles, let me be Virtue's friend,
And where I go let Charity attend:
Within my bosom let Compassion dwell,
To soften all the woes which other's feel;
To assuage by kind relief affliction's sighs,
And wipe the falling tear from widows' eyes;
To feed the hungry, the distress'd to cheer,
The needy succour, and the feeble rear;
Hence shall my mind, inflam'd with public good,
Unbaken stand in midst of plenty's flood;
Hence shall I scorn Temptation's gilded bait,
Look with disdain on all the pomp of state,
And by humility be truly great.
But should it be Thy blessed will to spread
Clouds of thick darkness lowering o'er my head;
Let me have grace to know they are design'd
To check my follies and correct my mind;
Let me have grace to know in my distress
I still to Thee may have a free access;
And be an ear, (tho' all the world should frown)
Of heav'nly glory and a future crown!
From these reflection's true contentment flows,
Contentment—such as Grandeur seldom knows;

Hence in the lowly cot a relish springs
Above the taste of courts and pride of kings.
Thus in the flood of wealth be thou my guide,
And steer my course 'twixt Avarice and Pride;
Or in the ebb of fortune teach my mind
To know its duty, and to be resign'd;
Prepare me to receive—or good or ill,
As the result of thy Almighty will;
Thy will, whose chief design and gen'ral plan
Tend to promote the happiness of man:
Be ev'ry sensual appetite suppress'd,
Nor the least taint lie lurking in my breast:
Let steady Reason my afflictions guide
And calm Content sit smiling by my side;
Teach me with scorn to view the things below
As gaudy phantoms and an empty shew;
But guide my wishes to the things above,
As the sole objects of a Christian's love;
Make me reflect on my eternal home
A dying Saviour, and a life to come;
Direct me Virtue's happy course to run,
And let me, as instructed by thy Son,
In ev'ry station say..... *THY WILL BE DONE.*

THE TRIUMPH OF ART;

OR,

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

—TECUM VIVERE AMEM,
TECUM OBIRE LIBENS.

THE Queen of Love, as Poets feign,
First issued from the briny main,
All nature, without art;
Yet, ere she triumph'd o'er mankind,
Full half her charms she first confin'd,
And thus she won each heart.

Her auburn locks in ringlets play'd,
And seem'd to scorn the ribbon's aid,
And wanton'd in the breeze:
Her snowy bosom heav'd and fell,
As Zephyr fann'd its lovely swell,
While scarce he stirr'd the trees.

Yet e'en such charms as these, in time,
Fail in their zest, and lose their prime,
And cloy the lover's eye:
Then round her waist she girt her zone,
And, less profuse of favours grown,
Oft heard her votaries sigh—

"Charms, seen by chance, and hardly seen,
Add loveliness to Beauty's Queen,
And wake each chaste desire:
Th' imagination longs to rove
In fields forbid to all but Love,
While ev'ry thought's on fire!"

Then, gentle Girls, your charms deny
To ev'ry lawless, wand'ring eye;
So may you each be blest;
So may your lovers—husbands prove,
And husbands still increase in love,
Possessing and possessed.